

The Famous and Renowned

HISTORY

Of the Memorable but Unhappy
Hunting on *CHEVY-CHASE*,

B Y

The River *TWEED* in *SCOTLAND*;
Together with the great and mortal Battles fought there, be-
tween the Lord *Piercy*, Earl of *Northumberland*, and his fifteen
Hundred English Archers, and Earl *Douglas*, with twenty Hundreⁿd
Scotish Spears, in which both, with most of their Men were Slain.



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

There is lately brought from Chili in America, a most excellent Odoriferous and Natural Balsam, far exceeding that of Peru and Tolu, in curing most Diseases incident to Human Bodies; being a Remedy that no an under the Sun can compose. It cures all Pains proceeding from Cold, corroborates the Stomach, creates an Appetite, and strenghtens the whole Body; it's a wonderful Remedy for all internal Sores, Bruises, &c. 'tis also a great Cephalick, helping most Diseases of the Nerves, and strengthening the Brain and Nerves, and is good against the Stone; helps all Fluxes of the Belly; is excellent in all Diseases of the Ears, especially Deafness; it also cures all manner of green Wounds. Note, It's only to be had of E. Tracy, at the Three Bibles on London-bridge, at 1 s. 6 d. per Ounce; the Bottles are all sealed with the Balsam-tree.

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The History of the Hunting on Chevy-Chase.

Chap. I. *How the Piercies had that Name, and came to be Earls of Northumberland; how this Lord Piercy, the third Earl of the Descent in King Henry the Second's Reign, made a Vow to hunt three Days in Chivy-Chase, and with his Archers passed the Tweed.*

THe noble Family of the *Piercies* Earls of *Northumberland*, have had a high Esteem amongst the English Nobility, and for their Valour and noble Exploits famed not only in our History, but throughout the World: I might give you a large Account of the Descent of that noble Earl, who is to be a chief Part of the Subject of the following Story; however, by the way, I must tell you, that History recordshim for the fortunate Valour of a courageous Knight who kill'd the King of Scots by running his Spear into his Eye as he was besieging *Roxborough* Castle, and his other Name was chang'd, and that of *Piercy* given, together with the Earldom of *Northumberland*, and to the first Earl, this Earl of whom I now treat, was Grand-Son and Heir both of his Virtues and Valour. But to come nearer to the intended Purpose: The noble Earl of *Northumberland* taking his Progress gallantly attended with fifteen hundred stout Archers, passed on to the Marches of *Scotland*, of which by Commission from the King he was to have been Lord-Lieutenant, and wishing for some Venison at a Dinner, he was informed that in a curious Forrest beyond the *Tweed* called *Chivy-Chase*, belonging to Earl *Douglas*, a Scotch Noble-man, there was such Store of it, that the like was in no part of the Kingdom; and Provision being scarce on the English side on those Borderers, this Report made his Men so forward, that they desired they might go out in Parties and bring as much as they could away undiscovered: but he despising such away that look'd too much like Deer-stealing, told them, if their Courage was sufficient to venture for it fairly,

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he would venture with them; and so hunting it down as a fair Game, it should be brought off with Honour as a lawful Prize taken in an Enemy's Country: for then King *Henry* the Second of *England*, in whose Reign it hapned, there was a Rapture with the Scots, though there had been for a while an Interval or Cessation of Arms

To this Motion of the Noble Earl's they gave their unanimous Consent by throwing up their Caps, with a loud Shout: and so the Earl made a Vow, That for three Days he would take his Pleasure in Hunting on *Chevy-Chase*; and thereupon sending for his Dogs and Toils, early on a Midsummer Morning they passed the *Tweed*, and were by a Guide directed to the Place, which was about six Miles nearer *Edenborough*: So to the Game they went; The Dogs were put in to rouse the Harts, the Horns sounded, and the Huntsmens Shouts, with the Dogs Cries made a pleasant Noise: yet the Villagers thinking it had been the Sound of War on some sudden Invasion, were so terrified, that many of them fled with what they could carry away, for fear of being plunder'd; and with their groundless Fears allarm'd the Country many Miles, putting all into a Consternation and Confusion.

Chap. II. How they killed a great many Deer; and at Supper-time Earl Dowglas sent a threatening Message to command them to Depart; and the stout Answer Earl Piercy returned; Also the Preparations for the Fight made on both sides.

THE Harts and Roes, though as swift in their running as the Wind, could not, however outstrip the English Arrows, our Archers laying some Scores of them on the Ground, so that they had killed such Store of Venison, that they began to be in doubt how they should be able to carry it away. This happened on the first Day; yet having refreshed themselves with the fat Haunches and Sides in the Evening, making Fires, and roasting it in the Forrest, there being such a number of them, they found their Store much lessened.

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But whilst the Earl was at Supper with divers Knights, Esquires and Gentlemen, on a Table of Boards laid on Supporters of Turf, and sitting on Seats raised on Turf-banks, such Accommodation as the rural Place would afford, at the Close of it, just as he was about to give Order to the Huntsmen to begin the Sport the next Morning with the Sun-rising, incame a Messenger in a scarlet Livery, laced with Gold, and a Badge of Arms on a Plate of Silver, fastned on his Breast: This spoke him to be sent by some Person of Quality; whereupon the Earl commanding Silence, demanded from whom he came, or what his Business was. Upon which he thus began with a hanghty Men:

Sir, said he, *Whoever you are I know not; but my Master, the noble, valiant and always-victorious Earl Dowglas, chief Ranger to the King of Scotland, and to whom these Parks and Chases belong, hearing you have boldly presumed to enter them, and destroy his Deer without Leave or Consent; by me tells you, That if you do not suddenly depart, your Lives shall pay for the Injury you have done, before to morrow Noon.*

This being denounc'd, he was about to depart, but the undaunted Earl Piercy taking him by the Sleive, said, *It is but convenient you should carry an Answer back to your Lord; And that is this, Tell him my Name is Piercy, a Name at which Scotland has trembled; and that I am of so true English Courage, that Threats are in vain to terrifie me. Tell him moreover, I have proposed to take my Pleasure in these Forrests and Chases for two Days longer; and if he be Valiant, as you say, let him hinder my Sport, if he be so bold as to attempt it, at the Hazard of his Life.*

Upon this, the Messenger departed with Speed to the Scotch Earl, who lay at Eadnborough; and relating what was given him in Charge by Earl Piercy; at which the Scotch Man stormed and fretted, walking up and down in a great Fury, muttering Revenge, and all manner of Punishments on those he should take Prisoners; he diligently enquired the Number of the English: But the Messenger could give him no certain Account, only guessed (for many of them were in distant parts of the Wood, when he delivered what he had in Charge) there might be
about

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about ten or twelve hundred Men; whereupon he ordered his Horse and Armour, which was gilded with Gold, to be got ready against Morning-light; also all his Friends and Servants, together with as many as made up two thousand Spear-men to be mustered; without letting them know what Design he had in hand; however, they disputed not to obey him, as having next the King the chief Command of the Kingdom.

Chap. III. *How the Earl Piercy begun the second Day's Hunting; but upon Notice of Dowglas's Approach, he called in the Hunters, drew up his Men, and made a famous Speech to encourage them, and received their unanimous Shouts in Conclusion.*

THe noble Earl of Northumberland, though in an Enemy's Country far from any Succour, yet relying on his own, and his Mens Courage, who were the choicest Archers of *England*, was so far from being daunted, though he might reasonably expect a greater Number against him, that he ordered the Tables a second time to be spread, and Store of Wine went round, which they had brought with them in great Plenty, Healths went round to the King, the Earl, and to the Prosperity of their Sport the next Day; and then setting Scouts, reposed themselves.

The Sun no sooner gilded our Horizon with his saluting Rays of Light, and the early Lark mounting on high, tuned her melodious notes, but the Sport was renew'd, and the Woods, Forrest, Plains and Hills resounded with the pleasing Noise of Hounds and Men; so that altogether they made a very curious Harmony. This Morning they killed a very stately Hart, the largest that had been seen in the Kingdom; whereupon the Huntsmen run to call the Earl to the Quarry that he might be pleased at the sight; which accordingly he was present at; protesting he had never seen the like in his Life. Then remembring the Message sent him over Night, he turned to a Knight on his left Hand, saying, *The time, Sir Knight, draws near, that if Earl Dowglas keeps his Word, we shall have another kind of Sport to undertake;*
he

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he promised this Morning to make us a Visit: therefore let it be your Care to keep our Men together, that they scatter not, least some of them may be surpriz'd and oppress'd by Odds of Number, for Man to Man, said he, I fear them not against any Nation under Heaven: but if I thought he would not come, we would remove hence to the next Forrest, for thither, I perceive, most of the Deer, frighted from this Forrest, are fled. He had no sooner uttered these Words, but his Esquire *Witherington* by Name, came hastily to him, saying, My Noble Lord, Cause the Dogs immediately to be called off, and muster up your bold Archers; for from yonder Hill I saw Earl *Dowglas* coming directly towards you, though yet about two Miles distant, having a great Troop of Speer-men, which I cannot guess less than two Thousand.

I thank thee heartily, replied the Earl, for this News; and doubt not thy Courage, which I have seen tryed in so many Dangers. At this the Esquire bowing low, said, My Lord, I doubt not so to behave myself this Day, that living or dead, I shall be remembered to future Ages.

Immediately hereupon the Horns blew a Retreat, the Dogs were called off, the Toils taken up, and the valliant Archers mustered about their noble Leader; who fired their Courage with the following Oration:

My renowned Country-Men, and Fellows in Arms, always victorious in Battle, still triumphing in the Spoils of your Enemies; It was with your Consent we passed the *Tweed* for Sport and Recreation; but that is suddenly like to be disturbed, and we have another Work to undertake; Earl *Dowglas* who owns this Chase and Forrest, has sent me a Challenge, and is now going to give us Battle, or shamefully to make us fly over the *Tweed*: Pluck up your Spirits then, and consider you are English Men; that *Piercy* fights at the Head of you, who never, either in France or Scotland, feared the Face of any; be Courageous then, and for the Honour of our King, the Renown of our Country, living or dying with me, gain a lasting Fame, and Memory that shall not end, but with Time it self, and Renew you to all Posterity.

Having

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Having said thus much, they all shouted so loud in token of Consent and lively Courage, that the Hills and Dales sent back the Ecchoes of their Voice, and immediately fell into Order, pruning their Arrows, and new stringing their Bows made of trusty Yew.

Chap. IV. *How Earl Dowglas bravely mounted, and in gilded Armour, came down with his Men into Chevy-Chafe; how a single Combate between the two Earls, to save their Mens Lives, was proposed, but hindered by Witherington.*

THe bold English Archers in number fifteen hundred, were no sooner in Readiness, but Earl Dowglas appeared on the Top of the Hill that descended into the Plain whereon Earl Piercy stood, mounted on a stately White Steed, and his gilded Armour reflecting the Sun-beams shewed very gloriously, and his Men immediately appeared in Order behind him, with their glittering Spears, so that their number was computed just two thousand.

Upon this Earl Piercy taking a Leading-staff in his Hand, and a trusty Sword by his side, caused his Men to move forward by slow Paces, whilst he marched in the Front: By this time Earl Dowglas being come within forty Paces, sternly demanded, *Whose Men they were that durst so boldly presume to hunt in his Forrest, and kill his Deer; and that whoever they were, since they had dar'd to do it, they must expect to be severely punished; commanding them to yield immediately as his Prisoners, if they expected Mercy from him.*

Upon this the noble English Earl, enraged with a generous Fury and Disdain, ordering his Men to halt, went nearer, saying, *Earl Dowglas, it matters not whose Men we are; but such you will find us, that what we have done, we will justifie, and what Dear we have kill'd, we will carry away, or leave our own Bodies dead behind us, which shall cost very dear in the Blood of those that dare oppose us.*

This being spoken with an undaunted Resolution, made Dowglas grow a little calmer; O, said he, *I know thee, Lord Piercy,*

they.

now

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now thou art a Peer, an Earl as well as I; therefore if thou art as Brave as Fame reports thee, what need we destroy our Men by engaging them in this Combate, the Quarrel being properly between you and me; let our Swords decide it in single Combate?

This unexpected Offer overjoyed the Noble Piercy, and drawing his victorious Sword, bid Defiance to the Challenger, wishing those accursed, that hindred this Agreement. But it could not be, Fate had involved many more Lives in this Quarrel than the two Earls; for *Witherington*, a valiant English Esquire, standing by the Earl when this Combate was about to begin, clapt between them with his Sword, and made a Stand, saying, *My noble Lord, it shall never be told to Henry our King to shame us, that we let you fight, under whose Command we are, whilst we stood looking on: How should we be reproached with Cowardice, if this were suffered or known? With Hearts and Hands we are ready to live or dye in your Cause; and therefore whilst I am able to stand, more Swords than two shall try it.* Earl Piercy, though grieved at this Hindrance, seeing all his Men resolute, and of the same Opinion, crying out *They would not hazard their noble Earl in single Combate, but fight with him, and for him, to the last Drop of their blood;* found himself constrained to yield to their Importunities; and so both sides immediately were ordered to make ready for the Battle.

Chap. V. *How the mortal Battle began by the English Archers, who slew sixty Scots at the first Flight of Arrows, and continued with such Fury that all the place was paved with dead, and dying Men; How the two Earls after a cruel Fight were slain, with the manner of it, &c.*

THE English Archers on the left Division immediately sent a Flight of fatal Arrows, which laid threescore of the Scots dead on the place; and the right Division letting fly on the Flank of their Battalion, gauld them most miserably, Earl *Douglas* seeing his Men discouraged to be killed so at distance, and that another Vulture might put them into Disorder, commanded them speedily to advance, and come to a close Fight; by which means he thought to tender the English Bows, which was their chiefest

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Weapons, uselefs ; but in this he was deceived, for they kept such excellent Order, that whenever the Front opened, the Archers behind feather'd the Scots with Showers of deadly Arrows, whilst the others kept them in play with their Swords, however, both being furious, they fought desperately, infomuch that the Ground was cover'd with dead, and dying Men, Arrows, shivers of Spears, broken Swords, and streams of Blood ; nothing was heard but confus'd Noifes, Groans and Cries.

And now Earl *Piercy* being backed by divers Knights and Esquires, Men at Arms, &c. cut of the Tops of the Enemy's Spears pointed against him, and like a Tempest broke in amongst them with such Fury and Slaughter, that he laid Heaps of Dead on either hand, and before him, so that his way was in a manner stoped with the Carcasses of the Slain, which raised a great Cry about him, infomuch that Earl *Douglas*, who was fighting on the other side, and had signaliz'd his Valour very much, was forced to give over, and come to the succour of his broken Forces ; where these two Earls met like two enraged Lyons ; no Armour was Proof against their Well-temper'd Swords, so that by the mighty stroaks they gave each other, it fell Piece-meal to the Ground ; the Place they fought on was sprinkled with noble Blood ; and Earl *Douglas* hereupon beginning to faint, yet ashamed to yield, thus bespake Earl *Piercy* :

Noble Lord, You see your Blood flows fast, and Death you cannot 'scape, if you contend with me much longer ; I therefore in pitty to your Life, would have you yield yourself my Prisoner ; you shall be nobly used, and I'll prefer you with *James* our King, by making him sensible of your Worth and Courage.

To this Earl *Piercy* replied with a sorrowful smile, As for my Life, take you no care, but surely guard your own ; my Honour I prefer before all things on Earth, and it never shall be said, that *Piercy* yielded to a Scot. Whilst they paus'd a little on these Words, and were again renewing the Fight, an Arrow coming from among the Ranks of the Archers, ended that
Com-

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Combat, by piercing Earl *Douglas* to the Heart ; who thereupon falling to the Ground, his last Words, with a faint and dying Voice, were, *Fight on my merry Men, revenge my Death, for I am slain, and Piercy lives to see me fall.*

The noble Earl *Piercy* on the fall of brave *Douglas* by such an unwished, or unexpected way, was much troubled for his Death, and to be deprived of the Honour of the Conquest he expected, laboured to raise him from the Ground, that he might send him out of the Battle, to have his Wound dressed, if peradventure his Life might be in him ; but finding him dead, he much bemoaned him, commending, like a generous Enemy, his Valour, and wishing he had, or could have done any thing to save him : But whilst he was lamenting his Death, his own was near at Hand ; for the noise being carried through the Battle, that Earl *Douglas* was slain ; Sir *Hugh Montgomery*, who was *Douglas's* chief Favourite, putting his Spear in his Wrist, and vowing Revenge, broke through the Rank, and whilst the noble *Piercy's* Thoughts were imploy'd on the dead Earl, he came behind him at Unawares and run him quite through the Body, so that he fell on Earl *Douglas* ; and only having time to encourage his Men, gave up the Ghost : But was not long unreveng'd for an English Archer perceiving what had happened, drew an Arrow up to the head, which proved a sure Messenger of Death, for it passed quite through *Montgomery's* Body, so that the Feathers of the Arrow were wet in his Heart's Blood.

Chap. VI. *How the Battle, after the Death of the noble Chiefs, continued till but fifty five of the Scots, and fifty three of the English, were left alive, it holding a whole Summer's Day ; of the Lamentation the Widows made over their dead Husbands, and the Revenge for the Earl's Death, &c.*

THrough the Chiefs were slain, the Fight continued with great Fury, being spurred on with Courage and Desire of Revenge, either side scorning to yield, though the Sun declined, and Night was hastening on apace, it having held almost a whole

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Summer's Day, till in the end those few that were left alive, were so wounded and wearied, that they were constrained to part by Consent: Eighteen hundred forty three of the Scots being killed, so that of the two Thousand there remained but fifty five; and of the English but fifty three, so fatal and desperate were these two small Armies, contending for the Honour of either Nation, more than for any thing else. *Witherington* especially in this Action behaved himself as he had promised, for a Scot coming behind him with a mighty broad Sword, and cutting his Legs off, he raised himself on his bleeding Stumps with his Hands, and pierced his Enemy, who had so wounded him to the Heart, and so continued fighting, till through loss of Blood, he fainted and dyed.

Besides these of Note dyed in this Battle, Sir *John Ogerton*, Sir *Robert*, Sir *John*, and Sir *James Ratcliff*, three valiant Brothers, and of a noble Family; also Sir *George* and Sir *James Tyrell*, Father and Son, and Sir *Ralph Raby*, all gallant English Men.

And of the Scots of Note besides Sir *Hugh Montgomery*, Sir *Charles Currel*, Sir *Charles Murrel*, and his Sister's Son also, Sir *David Lamb*, a Man Valiant, and of great Council, much beloved by the whole Nation; but nothing in this mortal Battle could rescue him from Death; there fell likewise the Lord *Markwell*, Lord of a Clan in the High-lands of that Name. Nor was this Few'd scarce ended when the Bell rung to Evening-song, the woful News of this bloody Day being known to the Widows of these Persons that were slain, they came running with doleful Cries, torn Hair, and Garments, each searching among the Dead for her Husband's Corps; and no sooner finding it, but falling on it, kissed the cold Lips a hundred times, and bathed the pale Face in Tears, with such piteous Cries and Groans, as would have pierc'd any Heart to have heard: But the Extremity of Sorrow being over, the dead Bodies were removed, and decently buried according to their Degree; the whole Kingdom of *Scotland* Mourning for the loss of Earl *Douglas*, and so many valiant Men with him on so trivial a Quarrel; the King affirming, that he had not such another brave Man in his Kingdom.

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This sad News coming to King *Henry's* Court, he was sorry for it, declaring the Earl *Piercy* to be a very brave Man, yet doubted not but he had within his Realm five hundred as brave and valiant Men as he; yet sent for his Body, and caused it honourably to be interred among his Ancestors; vowing however to Revenge his Death on the Scottish Nation; and so concluding his Wars with *France*, he entered the Country with a great Army wasting it with Fire and Sword, which War continued for many Years, till the Queen of Scots dying, the King of Scots married King *Henry's* Daughter, which put an end to it during his Reign.



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*An Unhappy, but Memorable S O N G of the
Hunting in Chevy-Chase, between Earl Piercy of
England, and Earl Douglas of Scotland.*

To the Tune of, Flying Flame, &c.



God prosper long our noble King,
our lives and sainties all,
A woful Hunting once there did,
in *Chevy-Chase* befall :-
To drive the Dear with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way,
The Child may rue that was unborn
the hunting of that Day.
The stout Earl of *Northumberland*,
a Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the Scottish Woods,
three Summer's Days to take,
The chiefest Harts in *Chevy-Chase*,
to kill and bear away ;

The

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The Tydings to Earl Douglas came,
in Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Piercy present word,
he would prevent his Sport ;

The English Earl not fearing this,
did to the Woods resort ;

With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold,
all chosen Men of might,

Who knew full well in time of need,
to aim their Shafts aright.

The gallant Grey-hounds swiftly ran,
to chase the Fallow-deer ;

On Monday they began to Hunt,
when Day-light did appear ;



And long before high Noon they had
a hundred fat Bucks slain,
Then having din'd, the Drivers went
to rouse them up again.

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The Bow-men muster'd on the Hills,
well able to endure,
Their Backsides all with special Care,
that Day were guarded sure.
The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods,
the nimble Deer to take
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
an Eccho shrill did make.
Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
to view the tender Deer,
Quoth he, Earl, *Douglas* promised
this Day to meet me here:
If that I thought he would not come,
no longer would I stay.
With that a brave young Gentleman,
thus to the Earl did say,
Lo yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
his Men in Armour bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottish Spears,
all marching in our fight;
All Men of pleasant *Tividale*,
fast by the River *Tweed*.
Then cease your Sport Earl *Piercy* said,
and take your Bows with speed:
And now with me, my Country Men,
your Courage forth advance,
For never was there Champion yet,
in *Scotland* or in *France*,
That ever did on Horse-back come,
but since my hap it were,
I durst encounter Man for Man,
with him to break a Spear.
Earl *Douglas* on a Milk white Steed,
most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
whose Armour shone like Gold:

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Shew me, he said, whose Men you be,
that hunt so boldly here,
That without my Consent do chase,
and kill my Fallow-deer?
The Man that first answer make,
was noble *Piercy* he,
Who said we list not to declare,
nor shew whose Men we be;
Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,
thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then *Dowglas* swore a solemn Oath,
and thus in rage did say,
E're thus I will out-braved be,
one of us two shall dye;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy* so am I.
But trust me *Piercy*, pity it were,
and great Offence to kill,
And of these our harmless Men,
for they have done no Ill.
Let thee and I the Battle try,
and set our Men aside.
Accurst be he, Lord *Piercy* said,
by whom this is deny'd.
Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name,
Who said, I would not have it told,
to *Henry* our King for shame.
That e're my Captain fought on Foot,
and I stood looking on,
You be two Earls, said *Witherington*,
and I a 'Squire alone,
I'll do the best that do I may,
while I have Power to stand,
While I have Power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand,

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Our English Archers bent their bows,
their hearts were good and true,
At the first flight of arrows sent,
full threeſcore Scots they flew.
To drive the Deer with hound and horn,
Earl *Dowglas* had the bent.
A Captain moved with mickle Pride,
the ſpears to ſhivers ſent :
They cloſ'd full faſt on every ſide,
no ſlackneſs there was found,
And many a gallant Gentleman
lay gasping on the Ground.
O Chriſt, It was great Grief to ſee,
and likewise for to hear,
The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
and ſcattered here and there.
At laſt theſe two ſtout Earls did meet,
like Captains of great Might,



Like Lyons mov'd they laid on load,
and made a cruel Fight ;

They

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They fought until they both did sweat,
with swords of tempered steel,
Until the Blood like drops of rain,
they trickling down did feel :
Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Dowglas* said,
in Faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
by *James* our Scottish King ;
Thy Ransom I will freely give,
and thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious Knight,
that ever I did see.
To *Dowglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
thy Proffer I do scorn,
I will not yield to any Scot,
that ever yet was born.
With that there came an arrow keen,
out of an English Bow,
Which struck Earl *Dowglas* to the heart,
a deep and deadly blow,
Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on, my merry Men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
lord Piercy sees my Fall.
Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
the dead Man by the hand,
And said, Earl *Dowglas*, for thy life,
would I had lost my land.
O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed,
with Sorrow for thy sake ;
But sure a more renowned Knight,
Mischance did ever take.
A Knight amongst the Scots there was,
which saw Earl *Dowglas* dye,
Who straight in Wrath did vow Revenge
upon the Earl *Piercy* ;

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Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
ran fiercely through the Fight,
And pass'd the English Archers all,
without all dread or fear,
And through Earl *Piercy's* body then,
he thrust his hateful spear,
With such a vehement force and might,
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side,
a large Cloath yard and more.
So thus did both these Nobles dye,
whose courage none could stain,
An English Archer then perceiv'd,
the noble Earl was slain,
He had a bow bent in his hand,
made of a trusty Tree,
An arrow of a Cloath-yard long,
unto the head drew he,
Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
so right his shaft he set,
The Grey-goose-wing that was thereon,
in his heart's blood was wet.
This fight did last from break of day,
till setting of the Sun,
For when they rung the Evening-bell,
the battle scarce was done :
With the Earl *Piercy* there was slain,
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Radcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron ;
And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
both Knights of good account,
Good Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was slain,
whose Prowess did surmount.

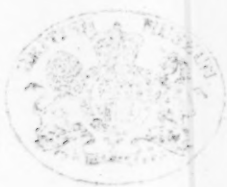
The Memorable Hunting on Chevy-Chase.

For *Wetherington* then must I wail,
as one in doleful Dumps,
For when his Legs were smitten off,
he fought upon his stumps.
And with Earl *Douglas* there was slain
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
Sir *Charles Currel* that from the Field
one Foot he would not fly;
Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
his sister's son was he,
Sir *David Lamb* so well esteem'd,
yet saved could not be;
And the Lord *Markwell* in likewise,
did with Earl *Douglas* dye,
Of twenty hundred Scottish Spears.
scarce fifty five did fly.
Of fifteen hundred English Men,
went home but fifty three,
The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chase*,
under the Green-wood tree.
Next Day did many Widows come,
their Husbands to bewail,
They wash'd their Wounds in brinish tears,
but all would not prevail:
Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
they bore with them away,
They kist them dead a thousand times,
when they were clad in Clay.
This News was brought to *Edenborough*,
where *Scotland's* King did reign,
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly
was with an arrow slain:
O heavy News, King *James* did say,
Scotland can Witnels be,
I have not any Captain more,
of such account as he.

Like

The Memorable Hunting on Chevy-Chafe.

Like tydings to King *Henry* came,
within as short a space,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*,
was slain in *Chevy-Chafe*:
Now God be with him, said our King,
fith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my Realm,
five hundred as good as he;
Yet shall not Scot nor *Scotland* say,
but I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
for brave Lord *Piercy's* sake.
This Vow full well the King perform'd,
after one *Humble-down*,
For one and fifty Knights were slain,
with Lords of great Renown:
And of the best of small account,
did many hundreds dye:
Thus ended the hunting on *Chevy-Chafe*,
made by the Earl *Piercy*.
God save the King, and bless the Land,
in Plenty, Joy and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate,
'twixt Noblemen may cease.



F I N I S.

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